

The Diverting Post.

From Saturday Nov. 25, to Saturday Dec. 2. 1704.

The Fox and the Badger.

TO the Badger, the Fox, in behalf of his Kind,
In a time of Contention, thus open'd his Mind;
You know, says the Fox, that the Lyon of late,
For the Service we did, made us chief of the State;
And to settle us firmly, enacted a Law,
Which he sign'd with his Royal Majestical Paw,
That we his good Subj.cts, so Loyal and True,
Should enjoy all Priviledge equal with you;
Therefore 'tis in vain you attempt to enslave us,
For by Hook, or by Crook, we'll maintain what he gave us.

The Badger, disturb'd that the Fox was so high,
In a cross snarling Mood, made a threat'ning Reply.
Alto', says the Badger, you're subtle 'tis true,
Yet you'll see in the End, we're as cunning as you.
I find you are all Cock-a-hoop by you Prating,
But the Proof of the Pudding will be in the Eating.
Pray, would not your Breed be confoundedly frighted,
To see a Calve's Skin to another united,
And stuff'd with worse Matter than ever was made
To cram into a Bomb, or to fill a Grenade,
That when it's once touch'd, the effectual Divice
Shall amaze you, and blow you up all in a Trice?
This, this will we do, if not strangely prevented,
Because when you're fat, you can ne'er be contented.
'Tis time we do something, or else by our Souls,
You, the Foxes, will stink us all out of our Holes.

These Words of Dr. Garth's, are set to
Musick by Mr. H. Hall of Hereford.

PALLAS, destructive to the Trojan Line,
Raid their proud Walls, tho' built by Hands
Divine:
But Loves bright Goddess, with propitious Grace,
Preserv'd a Hero, and restor'd the Race.
Thus the fam'd Empire where rich Iber flows,
Fell by Eliza, but by Anna rose.

Upon a Patch on a Lady's Face.

THAT artful Speck upon her Face,
Had been a Foil in one less fair;
In her, it hides a wounding Grace,
And she in Mercy, plac'd it there.

Fools have Fortune.

THE Fool that is Wealthy, is sure of a Bride,
For Riches, like Fig-leaves, his Nakedness hide.

But the Slave that is poor, may starve all his Life
In a Batchelor's Bed, without Mistress or Wife.
In the good Days of Yore, they ne'er troubled their
Heads

With settling of Jointures, or making of Deeds;
But Adam and Eve, at their first Entercourse,
E'en took one another for better for worse.
Then prethee, dear Cloe, ne'er aim to be Great;
Let Love be thy Jointure, ne'er mind an Estate.
You can never be poor, who have so many Charms,
And I shall be rich, when I've you in my Arms.

On Chloris walking in the Snow.

I Saw fair Chloris all alone,
When feather'd Rain came softly down,
And Jove descended from his Tower,
To court her in a Silver Shower:
The gentle Snow flew in her Breast,
Like little Birds into their Nest;
But overcome with Whiteness there,
For Grief, dissolv'd into a Tear;
Then falling down her Garment Hem,
To deck her, froze into a Gem.

First Song.

I.
DElia, why should I thus be bound,
Without your leave, to tell my Grief,
To bear within the cruel Wound,
And never, never gain Relief?
'Tis Tyranny to give the Blow,
And not to let us tell our Woe.

II.
Why was our Fortunes so unlike,
Or why so near our Souls ally'd;
Or why did both our Fancies strike,
If Love must be to both deny'd.
'Tis Tyranny to move us so,
And not the Way to ease us, show.

III.
And must I ever thus complain,
Silent to suffer this Distress;
To stare and gaze, is all in Vain,
If I must never more possess:
Or let me you compleat enjoy,
Or banish from my Breast the Boy.

Second Song.

DElia, when I e're review
Dreams delightful more than true;

When

When my Fancy me beguild,
Then the lovely Delia smil'd,
On my Breast did willingly
Glances melting in her Eye,
Warm'd with gentle Fires within,
Love upon her Cheeks did shine;
Glowing, blushing, like the Morn,
Now they fade, and now return.
How delighted then am I,
Let me Live thus, and thus Dye.
Oh! if Love could more allow,
Thus I'd wish thee willing now;
Thus to languish on my Breast,
Of immortal Love possess.

The rest of the Songs on *Delia*, sent us,
will be inserted in the next.

Three Beautious Nymphs at once my Heart sur-
prize,
Struck with the dazzling Lustre of their Eyes;
Confus'd as Paris, when I view each Grace,
Cannot express which hath the worthiest Face.

An ACROSTICK.

Serene, Majestick Looks her Eyes adorn,
As Phoebus bright, yet blushing as the Morn;
Resistless are her Charms, her Wit refin'd,
And with those Vertues, Judgment is conjoin'd,
Her lovely Looks display her polish'd Mind.

Charms in gay C----n's Eyes do always sit,
Her Face is Venus, and Minerva's Wit,
Reviving Sounds flow from her Syren's Tongue,
Inspiring Love, with Love her Voice is strung,
Sweet is her Temper, round her hovering move
The little sporting Deities of Love:
In every part Accomplishments we view,
Adorn'd with Beauty, Wit, and Virtue too,
No Mortal sure Perfection hath like you.

A Nymph more Chast than this was never seen,
Graceful her Looks, and Modest in her Mein;
No cloudy Frowns in her bright Eyes appear,
Entrown'd, the Queen of Love sits smiling there,
Sure Helena her self was ne'er so fair.

A Fourth remains, whose early kerning Bloom
Will with her Tears unto Perfection come.

His Grace the Duke of Marlborough, who
has been lately at the Court of Berlin, where
his Majesty of Prussia presented him with a
Hat, with a Diamond Buckle and Hat-band,
valued at 7500*l.* and two Extraordinary
Horses, was on the 30th of November at the
Court of Hannover, where the Princess of
Sophia, the Elector her Son, and the Duke
of Zell, receiv'd him with particular Marks
of Distinction, and each of them made him
very considerable Presents. Most of the Ger-
man Princes and Nobility flock'd to see and
carcass to Extraordinary a Hero, who has sav'd
their sinking Empire. He is expected at the
Hague on the 9th. Instant N. S.; from whence
he comes over with the first Opportunity, to
give a new Scene of Diversion and Entertain-
ment in this Town.

A new Privateer Gally, consisting of 18
Guns and 30 Oars, was Launched on Satur-

day last in the River Thames. The Invention
receives very great Applause from the Nobil-
ity and Gentry. It's designed for the West-
Indies, to pick up the Spanish Galloons, and
the French Merchant Men in those Seas.

On Thursday last several of the Nobility of
the Kingdom of Scotland waited on the Queen,
and presented Her with a St. Andrew's Cross;
which Her Majesty was pleased to wear in
Honour of that Saint and Nation.

Signiora Sconiance, a Famous Italian Singer,
who lately came from those Parts, had a few
Days since the Honour to Sing before Her
Majesty with great Applause, upon the First
Opening of the THEATRE in the Hay-
Market, erected by the Contribution of the
Nobility. She is to Sing several Italian Songs,
never Sung in this Kingdom before, Com-
pos'd by the most Celebrated of the Modern
Italian Masters.

This Day at the Theatre in Little Lincolns-
Inn-Fields, will be presented a Play, called, *Abra-
Mule*. Written by Mr. Trapp of Oxford. And
at the Theatre in Drury-Lane, the Tragedy of
Macbeth. The Musick now set by Mr.
Levenidge.

On Wednesday next, at the Theatre in Dorset
Gardens, (which has been refitted with new
Decorations and Scenes) will be presented a
Play supposed to be Written by Mr. Colly
Gibber.

Advertisements.

† A choice Collection of Vocal and Instru-
mental Musick, which the late Mr. Finger col-
lected in his Travels to Italy, of all the chiefest
Masters Compositions in Europe; with his own
Compositions, and purchased of him by Mr. Ban-
ister and Mr. Keller: Mr. Keller being lately Dead,
are to be disposed of by Mr. H. Playford, at his
Shop in the Temple Exchange in Fleet-street. Cata-
logues may be had gratis there by any Gentleman
next Week, or at Mr. Banister's House in Bromley-
street, near Drury-Lane.

† The latter end of next Week will be Pub-
lished *Apollo's Feast*; or, *Wit's Entertainment*, the
second Edition. Sold by B. Bragg. Price Bound
1*s.* 6*d.*

† Wilder's Mock-Trumpets, which have been
so well approv'd of by the greatest Musick-Ma-
sters in England, and allow'd to imitate the Real
Trumpet almost to Perfection, are Sold at most
Musick-shops in London.

The said Wilder does every Day, from 9 till 11
of the Clock in the Morning, teach (several Gen-
tlemen to sound first and second Trebles by Book
so exact, that it is difficult to distinguish them
from real Trumpets) privately at his own Lodgings
at the Golden Horse-Shoe in Blew Ball Court, in
Salisbury-Square, Fleet-Street, where any Musick-shop
in England may be furnished with Mock-Trum-
pets Wholesale very reasonably.

† If any Gentleman of the Universities or
others, have any Copies of Verses, or any thing
that is fit to be Printed in this Paper, they are de-
sired to send them to Benjamin Bragg, the Publisher,
and they shall be inserted, provided they are not too
long, and be thankfully received, and much oblige
the Undertakers.